

HYMN II.

To A S T R ^ A

E TERNAL Virgin ! Goddess true !
 L et me presume to sing to you !
 I OVE> even great JOVE hath
 leisure S ometimeSj to hear the
 vulgar crew ; A nd hears them,
 oft, with pleasure*

B lessed ASTREA ' I, in part, E
 njoy the blessings you impart! T
 he Peace! the milk and honey I
 H umanity ' and civil Art! A
 richer dower than money.

R ight glad am I, that now I live,
 E ven in these days, whereto you
 give

G re at happiness and glory !
 I f after you, I should be born ;
 N o doubt, I should my birthday
 scorn?
 A dmiring your sweet Stoiy.

HYMN

*III . To the**Spring.*

E ARTH now is green, and heaven is
 blue!

L ively Spring, which makes all
 new,

I oily Spring doth enter,
 S weet young sunbeams do subdue
 A ngry, aged Winter.

B lasts are mild, and seas are
 calm ! E very meadow flows with
 balm ! T he earth wears all her
 riches ! H armonious birds sing
 such a psalm A s ear and heart
 bewitches !

R eserve, sweet Spring 1 this
 Nymph of ours?

E ternal garlands of thy flowers!
 G reen garlands never wasting !

I n her shall last our State's fair
 Spring,

N ow and for ever flourishing,
 A s long as heaven is lasting.